

THE
SECRET EXPEDITION.

A
F A R C E;

(In Two ACTS)

As it has been represented upon the
POLITICAL THEATRE of EUROPE.

WITH THE
HIGHEST APPLAUSE.

Animæque capaces

Mortis ————— *LUCAN.*

Ride si sapi. MART.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SCOTT, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

M DCC LVII.



Dramatis Personæ.

Admiral Buzzard	by	Mr. Goose.
Lieut. Gen. Ordnance		Mr. Fright.
Admiral Cuckoo		Mr. Husband.
General Prudence		Mr. Blind.
Admiral New		Mr. Safe.
General Brave		Mr. Valiant.
Captain Noble		Mr. Self.

W O M E N.

Lady Buzzard, an old Woman easily frighten'd.

Lady Ordnance, an elderly Lady very timorous.

Mrs. Cuckoo, a Widow Lady somewhat infirm.

Mrs. Prudence, a Woman much stricken with Years, who having the Misfortune to leave her Spectacles behind her, could not discern the *French Coast*.

Mrs. New, a Gentlewoman of Parts, but little Conduct.

Doctors, Midwives, Attendants, &c.

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AS it is quite uncusomary for any Theatrical Piece to be represented, or make its Appearance in Public, without a *Prologue*, the Editor of this Performance thinks it incumbent on him, to assign some Reason for this Omission; and as he has a great Propensity for *telling the Truth*, he is ingenuous enough to own, that *none was written* at the Time of its *Performance*, and since then he has applied to every *Poetaster* in Town, to write a *Prologue* for the *Secret Expedition*; but neither Promises, or Persuasion, could induce them to undertake the *Jobb*, although he offered some of them — a good *Dinner*. In short, they were so busy in writing *Epilogues* for the *Secret Expedition*, that if he had staid till now, they would not have left off scribbling. The Editor himself, did indeed attempt a *Prologue* to this Piece—but after a Couple of *gingling Periods*, he found it impossible to say any Thing that could apologize for — the *Secret Expedition*, or the *Actors*—and therefore committed them to the Flames, to save them from *Damnation*, with the Piece *itself*. The Editor has not
annexed

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annexed any *Epilogue* to this Farce, as he did not know which to give the Preference to, and if he had subjoined all that have been wrote, they would have taken up too much Room—But if the Reader should be curious, he may purchase them at the Corner of any Street, under the Title of *Doodle-doo, Derry-down, &c. &c.*

Having said thus much to exculpate him from the Crime of omitting a *Prologue* and *Epilogue*, he has nothing more to add to this Advertisement, but to inform the Reader, that he must observe in the *Dramatis Personæ*, that the *Ladies Parts* are performed by the *Gentlemen*. There were two Reasons for this; the most essential one was, that this Representation being upon a very *warlike* Subject, and the *Scene* being at *Sea*, neither *Mrs. Cibber*, *Mrs. Pritchard*, or, in short, any tolerable Actresses could be persuaded to perform the *Women's Parts*, for want, as we suppose, of that *manly Courage* necessary in such Exhibitions. The second Reason (as the Editor has been informed) was in some Measure to restore the *Conduct* and *Behaviour* of our Ancestors, in whose Days *Valour* and *Modesty* went hand in hand—and when no Females appeared upon the Stage.

It will not appear the least surprizing, that the Gentlemen, who performed in the first Act,

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Act, in *Propria Persona*, should represent the Characters of *Women* in the *Second*; when we consider their *natural Genius* for *farcical Exhibitions* — that they did not appear as *Men* in the *second Act*—and that their *Masculine Air* was no wise unbecoming the *Ladies* they represented, they all coming under the Denomination of OLD WOMEN.

A C T.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Scene *an Encampment on the Isle of Wight.*

Enter General Ordinance, and General Prudence.

Ord. **G**OOD Morrow, General—How is the Wind?

Prud. Full *West* — The Transports will never get round.

Ord. But where do you think the *Destination* can be? we are only to open our Instructions in 48 Degrees.

Prud. That remains still a perfect Secret, and I hope it will be so——'till we come back.

Ord. Z——ds! we must be going against the *French*; — I wish I were at the *Soup Meagre* Rascals---How I would trim them.

Prud. All in good Time, General --- The *French* are not so despicable a People, as you seem to imagine --- They have brought the
Art

Art of War to that *Perfection*, at which it is now arrived---and---

Ord. D—n them — They are only fit to fight in Ambush — To kill our brave *Brad-docks*—And run away at a fair Onset.

Prud. You must own that Fortification is much indebted to their Improvement—And that their Engineers are the best in the World.

Ord. I am surprized that you should assert such a Thing on *British* Ground — I know *fourteen* of the *Woolwich* Cadets, who, with me at their Head, would undermine all their Engineers put together.

Prud. The World is *already* sufficiently convinced of the *Skill* and *Courage* of General *Ordnance*—But I am afraid your *Woolwich* Cadets would deceive you.

Ord. Deceive me, Sir,—Why, they were taught under my own particular Direction—And surely you cannot question *my Judgment*.

Prud. No Sir, there is nothing inclines me to that Opinion, but their juvenal Years, and the known Skill of the *French* in Fortification.

Ord. Zounds, Sir, if you mean this to affront me, I would have you know, I never take Affronts from *Frenchmen*, or their Partizans.

Prud.

Prud. I am not afraid to fight, Sir, tho' I have a Wife and five * Children unprovided for ; but——

Ord. —But, Sir, no shuffling — no trifling
(drawing

Prud. One Word, Sir, for it——

Ord. —Do you still trifle with me ? (he advances, and the other retiring)

Prud. You had better put up your Sword, and save your Courage for the *French*—perhaps you may want it soon.

Ord. Sir, if this is your *Parley*—I beat again to Arms. *Fight*, or *Capitulate* — Draw, or own yourself a Coward.

Prud. Even *Prudence's* Self can withstand no longer. (drawing) Now Villain will I teach you, that a braver Man than you, may save his Wrath for the Enemy, and spare his *Countryman*, tho' he injures him.

Ord. Zounds Sir, come on, and hold your Chattering,

(*Aside.*) By Heavens he is serious—What shall I do ?

Enter General Brave.

Brave. Good God ! what are you at ? Surely you are not in Earnest—indeed ! (draws

* We know not whether this Argument was not founded more in *Prudence* than in *Truth*.

and parts them, both the Combatants seeming much inclined to his Interposition) — Consider, Gentlemen, this rash Act may be the Cause of your own and your Country's Ruin.—Do you reflect upon the Cause of your sojourning here? — Are you not sent upon an *Expedition*, that all *Europe* waits the Event of?—An *Expedition*, that must either turn to our immediate Prosperity, or inevitable Ruin; — And you are the Persons principally charged with it's Execution: — For Heaven's Sake — For your Country's Sake—For your own Sakes—Lay aside your Wrath, and combat not with one another. — If your martial Courage glows so much in you, it is but waiting a short Time, and then wreaking it upon your sworn—Your avowed Enemy.

Prud. I reasoned so with him — But he is so headstrong—

Ord. And you are so provoking—

Bra. No more Words I beseech you.—Let us go view the *mock* Engagement, our Men are preparing to exhibit.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Scene a Ninety Gun Ship.—Part of the Crew upon Deck, drunk.—The Captain and Officers swearing and cursing, &c. &c. &c.

Enter Admirals Buzzard and Cuckoo.

Ad. Cuckoo. What were my Lord *A——*'s positive Orders, in Case we cleared the Channel by the 15th.

Buz. He said nought, but gave me a Squeeze by the Hand,—As much as to say —
Mum.

Cuckoo. Indeed ! — I did not think he was so gracious.

Buz. You don't know him now — A long Run of ill Luck at *Ar——r*'s, and the Loss of *Min—a*, are enough to humble any Man.

Cuck. There may be something in that— But I remember, before I went to *J——a*, you might wait at his *Levee* fifteen Years, and he would not give you a *Nod*.

Buz. Besides they talk of a Divorce — And in that Case Lord *H——*'s Credit would support him no longer.

Cuck. Why do you put such unkind Thoughts into my Head, as *Divorces*—I shall dream of nothing all Night, but Capt. ———, and my *sweet, perfidious Wife*.

Buz. Can you still have any Regard for the Sex, after such unkind Usage — I think you are vastly well off—You got rid of your Wife, and got a thousand Pounds into the Bargain—I say with Lord *Lace* in *the Lottery*, I would part with *all the Sex* for half the Sum.

Cuck. So would I, if I did not love her—But you know that is an unaccountable Thing—And the more you are flighted in it, the more you adore the Object that abuses you.

Buz. Thank Heaven, then I never was in Love—I make Use of Women for my Convenience, and not for Torment.

Cuck. If there were any Women in hearing, they would tear your Eyes out.

Buz. They would have an *Hawk's Eye*, if they did—For I would escape in Time.

Cuck. To be sure an *old Woman* is the most contemptible Animal in the Creation—But a fine young One is the most adorable Object one can imagine.

Buz. Ha! ha! ha!—Your Voyage I hope will cure you—And make you love an *old Woman*, as well as a *young One*, but for the Convenience—As one would prefer a new House to an old One, or any Thing similar.

Enter Admiral New, reeling.

New. Blood and Ounds—Where are you—We have drank six Bowls of 'Rack, since you
went—

went—and if it had not been for Lieutenant *Hump's* Wife, who kept me Company in my Cabin, I should have been asleep by this Time.

Buz. You see Admiral *New* is for Convenience in Women too.

Cuck. Talk no more of the Sex—but let's away, and drown Sorrow in a chearful Bowl.

New. Aye—with all my Heart (tumbling—almost over Board.)

Buzzard and *Cuckoo* lead *New* off—and, as he goes, he cries—Huzza—no Popery—no wooden Shoes—Liberty and Property—and the *Secret Expedition* for ever.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

S C E N E III.

This Scene represents the Arrival of the Transports at the Isle of Wight—The Camp breaking up, and the Troops embarking—The Men going chearfully on Board—While the Officers are Gaming, Whoring, and Drinking on Shore.

Enter General Brave.

Brave. Thank Heaven the Transports are at length arrived—Our Troops in good Condition, gay and in high Spirits, rush on to Victory—Nought impedes Success—Our Armament

ment tremendous—Our Officers *experienced*—
And I think I may answer for myself.

“ Be propitious (oh Heaven !) On this im-
“ portant Hour,
“ And give, at length, my famished Soul
“ Revenge !”

Enter Ordnance, and Prudence.

Ord. Hey dey ! What in Heroics ?

Brave. Heroics indeed !—Who can desist
from Acclamation at such a glorious Sight !
(*pointing to the Armament*)—Now will we
Rehearse once more, the Battles of *Cressy*,
Poitiers, and *Agencourt*—oh for another *Ed-*
ward—Let us find him in yon noble General !
—Lead us but on, and I will insure you Vic-
tory !

Prud. I applaud your Warmth, and noble
Sentiments—But let Reason guide.

Ord. Leave it to me, Gentlemen—I'll strew
Laurels enough at your Feet—You'll have but
to gather them.

Brave. And if we do not gather them, may
the first *Bow* we meet, be our Gallows.

Prud. Be not rash Sir—Implicate not—
We know not the Secrets of Providence.

Brave. Agreed—But, if we can't command
Success—We'll do more—We'll deserve
it—.

But

But this is no Time for Sentences and Morality—General, are all the necessary Orders given? Is every Thing on Board? All the Implements of Fortification.

Ord. Yes by this Time.

Brave. Then it is Time for us to depart—We have lost enough in Idleness, and Effeminacy, in sojourning here.

The Scene opens, and represents the Armament under Sail, while the Generals embark on Board the Admiral's Ship—And she getting under Sail too, the Curtain drops, and makes an End of the first Act.

ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Scene the Bay of Biscay, with the whole Armament bearing towards the French Coast, which is defenceless from Rochelle to Rochfort ; but a few Peasants are armed with Scythes and rusty Spits.

Enter Lady Ordnance and Lady Prudence.

Prud. **I** Would not advise (although you are ordered by your Instructions) to make any Descent upon the Continent, till such Time as we have possessed ourselves of *Rhee, Aix, or Oleron.*

Ord. I am much inclined to your Opinion—And if we consider the Report at our Departure, that there was a N——t——y for *H——r*, perhaps it may not be so safe to annoy the *French too much.*

Prud. But your Instructions do not mention it, I think.

Ord. Not a Syllable—But it's best to be always of the right Side of the Hedge—Though I must issue some Orders, since the Coast is *so clear* and in such a *poor State of Defence.*

Prud. I commend your Prudence—But by no Means execute them.

Ord.

Ord. No, no—Let me alone — They shall be full of sound, and as little Meaning.—Here Mr. Secretary.

Enter Secretary.

Ord. You must prepare some *sham Orders* for debarking, conceived in such a Manner, as to make every one believe we are going directly to *Paris*.

Sec. Yes Madam—Shall I draw them up?

Ord. — No let me see (*here she dictates to him the Orders of the 15th of September.*)

Prud. Very great — Mighty right — This will do. [Exit Secretary.]

Ord. Madam, to be a great General, one must always cover one's Designs.

Prud. Yes, and frequently the Designs of one's Masters — *Especially when one don't know them.*

Ord. Good — Very good Mrs. Prudence. Methinks you have a thorough Knowledge of *modern Politics*.

Prud. Why I think I have made some Proficiency in them, or else I would not pretend to advise so great a General as Lady Ordinance.

Ord. You flatter me Madam—But I am considering how we can get genteely off—Without doing the *French any Damage*—And yet we must *do something* ; or else the People

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will

will be as clamorous against us, as they were against Admiral Byng. But now I think on't, we are all Officers in Chief, of *experienced Courage and Conduct*, and that will *silence* the People—Though by the Bye, your Affair and mine at the *Isle of Wight*, should be kept a *profound Secret*.

Prud. Prudence, Madam, dictates that to me.

Ord. But how can we apologize for our Conduct to the M——ry, in doing the *French as little Damage as possible*.

Prud. Why, suppose we take the Isle of *Aix*, which is the *smallest* and most *insignificant* Island the *French* have here about—And then call a *Council of War*, to deliberate about our farther Operations.

Ord. Very well—I greatly commend your Judgment, Madam,—For in the mean while the *French* will not fail to draw down their Troops to the Coast, and erect such Batteries as may be a *sufficient Excuse* for not landing.

Enter General Brave.

Brave. My noble Generals I greet you—Now you have a fine Opportunity of exerting your Abilities, and avenging *Britain's Wrongs*.

Prud. Sir, we are considering the Matter, and have judged it expedient to possess ourselves first, of some of the *French Islands*.

Brave.

Brave. Pshaw — Waste not this precious Time in such trifling Exploits — Lose not this favourable Opportunity, which may but too soon be wrested from us—Give not the Enemy Time to oppose us. I will go myself at the Head of five Hundred Men, and make a Feint Descent, to draw off the Militia, trifling as they are, and insure you Success in another Spot with the Rest of the Troops.

Prud. Sir, — We shall not be authorized, to answer for any such Don *Quixotic* Schemes —Fair and softly go far.

Ord. Much is to be said on both Sides— But you see by my Orders, that I intend *vigorous Measures*.

Prud. What signify the best Orders in the World, without they are executed —If you lose this Opportunity, your Orders may be as proverbial as our Law—*The best framed and worst executed in the World.*

(*Aside*) *Would they were enforced with Vigour, at least, against such dastardly Commanders.*

Ord. Well, Sir, I am going to consult with Lady *Buzzard* concerning the Measures we are to take, and I shall resolve upon nothing 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Ordnance and Prudence.*]

Brave. O *Britain! Britain!* — How art thou fallen—Are all thy Expeditions to be conducted by old Women—Alas! I see our Fate.

S C E N E II.

Scene the Isle of Aix. The Crews of the Ships drunk, pillaging the poor Inhabitants, robbing the Churches, committing all Kinds of Disorders, and a few of our Men blowing up in the Air, to spill a little Blood in the Expedition.

Enter Lady Buzzard and Captain Noble.

Buz. My brave Captain, I wish you Joy upon your Success of carrying the Isle of *Aix*.

Noble. I am heartily sorry you pitched upon me for executing your Orders—Had I known the Strength of the Place, I would not have attacked it with my Ship, but my *long Boat*. But I hope, in Order to wipe off this Slur, that you have brought upon me, you will give me Leave to attack *Oleron* and *Rhee* singly, and without any Assistance—And if they are ten Times as formidable as *Aix*---If I don't carry them, I will forfeit my Life.

Buz. Sir, your known Courage, would prevail upon me to appoint you for executing the most arduous Enterprize---But I cannot agree to this Demand, without the Consent of Lady *Ordnance* : and perhaps it may not be consistent with her Instructions.

Nob. As to her Instructions, I will take upon me to be responsible for them to our Patriot M——y ; who, I am sure, would be heartily pleased to hear of our annoying our per-

perfidious Foes, as much as possible---But if your Ladyship should have any Tremor, or be inclinable to faint, you need not appear upon Deck---Confine yourself to your Cabbin; and I will take Care all shall go right.

Buz. No, I have nothing of that now---Indeed I had something of a *palpitation of Heart*, upon the first Firing of the Fort, and was afraid of my *Hysterics*; but by the Assistance of a little *Asa Fætida*, and a Glas or two of the Wine of this Place, I find myself much better.

Enter Servant.

Ser. O my Lady—My Lady—I can scarce tell your Ladyship—Lady *Ordnance* is taken all at once with a Swimming in her Head, and such a Puking—That Lord, my Lady, I am frightened out of my Wits—I am afraid she is going to be brought to Bed.

Nob. I did not know she was with Child—Is not she *too old a Woman*?

Serv. O no Sir — She has been *very big* these three Months.

Nob. Has not she Eat too many *Grapes*—If so, they may Effect her to that Degree, as to produce an *abortion*.

Serv. There may be something in that.

Buz. Well, we will wait upon her Ladyship presently.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter

Enter Mrs. Cuckoo, and Mrs. New:

Cuck. This is a damn'd Coast—We have now been out near three Weeks, and the Devil a Prize have we made—If we were upon the *West India* Station, we might have taken half their *Martinico Fleet* by this Time.

New. Or, I would rather go a Voyage to *Lisbon*, and bring back the *Ports* at *five per Cent*—Those are your Touches for me.

Enter Captain Noble.

Nob. Ladies, a *French Ship* is now a-Head, and if you will let me Chace I shall take her.

Cuck. What, is she a *Merchantman*, or a *Privateer*—If the first give her Chace immediately.

Nob. No, Madam, she is a 74 Gun Ship.

New. Oh damn her—What the Devil shall we get by her, but hard Blows—no, no, let her pass.

Cuck. Attack her by no Means---But if she has a Convoy, you may intercept them if you can.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Scene, *Lady Ordinance's Cabbin, she in Bed, a Consultation of the Members of the C—l of W—r, who act as Doctors and Midwives— Lady Prudence, &c.*

1st. *Memb.* I am afraid it will be in vain, to endeavour at preventing it.

Lady Ord. How, do you think I shall not recover? I hope I shall not die.

2d. *Memb.* Compose yourself, my Lady,--- If it should prove a *Miscarriage*---There is no Fear of your *Life*.

Lady Prud. The Loss of a little Blood, was necessary to prevent a too violent internal Agitation---And now, I think, you are out of all Danger.

3d. *Memb.* Madam, we prescribe your Ladyship such *effectual Restoratives*---That I am sure all the *Faculty* at Home, will be obliged to applaud our *Skill* and *Conduct*.

Lady Ord. I find myself much better, since I have had the Advice of such *able Physicians*--- And if I could but get back to *England* in *Safety*, I believe this *Miscarriage* would not affect me at all.

Prud. I am much of that Opinion, Madam, if your Ladyship continues to take our Counsel.

Ord. I rely entirely upon it.

Enter

Enter Lady Buzzard.

Buz. How does you Ladyship---I hope there is no Danger.

1st. Memb. By our *Assistance*, my Lady, her *Life is at present out of all Kind of Danger.*

Buz. I am very glad of it, for I wanted to confer with her about some Dispatches I have just received from *England.*

Ord. What do they contain?

Buz. Why, the S——y's Letter address'd to us *both*, is to inform us, that we are not to return to *England*, at the Time specified in the former Instructions, nor till we have accomplished our Errand.

Ord. Let me see it (*reads*) Why this Letter is not directed to us, for it begins *Sir*, and that can mean but one---Besides we are *Women* you know.

Buz. Very true --- So that we need not mind it.

Ord. Aye to be sure.

Buz. Well then, we will return to *England* as soon as you will.

Ord. To morrow, then---But take particular Care of our *Spoil* and *Prisoners* --- They will shew we did not come back without our *Errand.*

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F I N I S.

